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Invited shortly to partake  
Of venison, milk and Johnny-cake,  
The stranger made a hearty meal,  
And glances 'round the room would steal.  
One side was lined with divers garments,  
The other spread with skins of varmints;  
Dried pumpkins over-head were strung,  
Where venison hams in plenty hung;  
Two rifles placed above the door,  
Three dogs lay stretched upon the floor,  
In short, the domicile was rife  
With specimens of Hoosier life.

The host, who centered his affections  
On game and range and quarter-sections,  
Discoursed his weary guest for hours,  
Till Somnus' all-composing powers  
Of sublunary cares bereft em,  
And then I came away and left them.  
No matter how the story ended;  
The application I intended  
Is from the famous Scottish poet,  
Who seemed to feel as well as know it,  
That burly chieles and clever hizzies  
Are bred in sic a way as this is.

Mr. Riley's Poem

[This poem, we find, is in the *Sentinel* of Aug. 4, 1878.]

O'ER the vision like a mirage falls  
The old log cabin with its dingy walls,  
And crippled chimney, with the crutch-like prop  
Beneath a sagging shoulder at the top;  
The coon skin, battened fast on either side;  
The wisps of leaf tobacco, "cut and dried";  
The yellow strands of quartered apples hung  
In rich festoons that tangle in among  
The morning-glory vines that clamber o'er  
The little clapboard roof above the door;  
The old well-sweep, that drops a courtesy  
To every thirsty soul so graciously  
The stranger, as he drains the dripping gourd,  
Intuitively murmurs: "Thank the Lord!"  
Again, through mists of memory, arise  
The simple scenes of home before the eyes;

The happy mother humming, with her wheel,  
 The dear old melodies that used to steal  
 So drowsily upon the summer air  
 The house-dog hid his bone, forgot his care,  
 And nestled at her feet, to dream, perchance,  
 Some cooling dream of winter-time romance;  
 The square of sunshine thro' the open door,  
 That notched its way across the puncheon floor,  
 And made a golden coverlet whereon  
 The god of slumber had a picture drawn  
 Of babyhood, in all the loveliness  
 Of dimpled cheek and limb and linsey dress;  
 The bough-filled fireplace and the mantel wide;  
 The fire-scorched ankles stretched on either side,  
 Where, perched upon its shoulders 'neath the joist,  
 The old clock hiccoughed, harsh and husky-voiced,  
 And snarled the premonition, dire and dread,  
 When it should hammer time upon the head;  
 Tomatoes, red and yellow, in a row,  
 Preserved not then for diet, but for show,  
 Like rare and precious jewels in the rough,  
 Whose worth was not appraised at half enough;  
 The jars of Jelly with their dusty tops;  
 The bunch of pennyroyal, the cordial drops;  
 The flask of camphor and the vial of squills;  
 The box of buttons, garden seeds and pills;  
 And, ending all the mantel's bric-a-brac,  
 The old, time-honored "family almanack."

And memory, with a mother's touch of love,  
 Climbs with us to the dusky loft above;

\* \* \* \* \*

Again we stretch our limbs upon the bed,  
 Where first our simple, childish prayers were said,  
 And, while without the merry cricket trills  
 A challenge to the solemn whippoorwills,  
 And, filing on the chorus with his glee,  
 The katydid whets all the harmony  
 To feather-edge of incoherent song,  
 We drop asleep, and peacefully along  
 The current of our dreams we glide away  
 To that dim harbor of another day,  
 Where brown Toil waits us, and where Labor stands  
 To welcome us with rough and horny hands.